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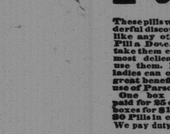

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Dated at the City of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick this 15th day of January, A. D., 1890.

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CHOICE NEW BUTTER 1 lb Rolls New Butter, 2 " do " " 3 " do " " 4 " do " " 2 " Drums " " 3 " do " "

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Pink's Solid Jellies. Another lot just received. Ex S. S. Ulanda, by, J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte St., next Y. M. C. A.

ARRIVED. We have received this week and offer wholesale: 100 Casks Choicest NEW CROP BARBADOS MOLASSES. 5 Cars Globe Flour. 1 Car Oatmeal. 1 " Granulated and Y. Sugar. 1 " Rice. 225 Cads Tea. 50 Packages Morton's & Lazenby's Pickles. 75 Packages Tobacco. 25 Boxes New Dates. 400 Cwt. Codfish. 2 Casks Cream Tartar. Geo. S. DeForest & Sons

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B. B. B. Burdock Blood Bitters. Is a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the liver, stomach, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it

CURES All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequalled as a cure for all diseases of the

SKIN From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure saltrheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

DISEASES Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B.B.B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, humors and

SCROFULA We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail

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HAND AND RING

By A. K. GREEN.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

UNEXPECTED WORDS.

"Mr. Orcutt dead?"

"Dying, sir."

"How, when, where?"

"In his own house, sir. He has been struck down by a falling limb."

The District Attorney, who had been roused from his bed to hear these evil tidings, looked at the perturbed face of the messenger before him—who was none other than Mr. Byrd—and with difficulty restrained his emotion.

"I sympathize with your horror and surprise," exclaimed the detective, respectfully. Then, with a strange mixture of embarrassment and agitation, added: "It is considered absolutely necessary that you come to the house. He may yet speak—and—and—you will find Miss Dare there," he concluded, with a peculiarly hesitating glance and a rapid movement toward the door.

Mr. Ferris, who, as we know, cherished a strong feeling of friendship for Mr. Orcutt, stared uneasily at the departing form of the detective.

"What do you say?" he repeated. "Miss Dare there, in Mr. Orcutt's house?"

The short "Yes," and the celerity with which Mr. Byrd vanished, gave him the appearance of one anxious to escape further inquiries.

Astonished, as well as greatly distressed, the District Attorney made speedy preparations for following him, and soon was in the street. He found it all alive with eager citizens, who, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, were rushing hither and thither in search of particulars concerning this sudden calamity; and upon reaching the house itself, found it well nigh surrounded by an agitated throng of neighbors and friends.

Simply pausing at the gate to cast one glance at the tree and its fallen limb, he made his way to the front door, which immediately opened. Dr. Tredwell, whose face it was a shock to encounter in this place, stood before him, and farther back a group of such favored friends as he had been allowed to enter the house. Something in the look of the coroner, as he silently reached forth his hand it salutation, added to the mysterious impression which had been made upon Mr. Ferris by the manner, if not words, of Mr. Byrd. Feeling that he was losing his self-command, the District Attorney grasped the hand that was held out to him, and huskily inquired if Mr. Orcutt was still alive.

The coroner, who had been standing before him with a troubled brow and lowered eyes, gravely bowed, and quietly leading the way, ushered him forward to Mr. Orcutt's bedroom door. Here he paused and looked as if he would like to speak, but hastily changed his mind, opened the door and motioned the District Attorney in. As he did so, he cast a meaning and solemn look towards the bed, then drew back, watching with evident anxiety what the effect of the scene before him would have upon this new witness.

A stupefying one it seemed, for Mr. Ferris, pausing in his approach, looked at the cluster of persons about the bed, and then drew his hand across his eyes like a man in a maze. Suddenly he turned upon Dr. Tredwell with the same strange look he had himself seen in the eyes of Byrd, and said, almost as if the words had been forced from his lips:

"This is no new sight to us, doctor; we have been spectators of a scene like this before."

That was it. As nearly as the alteration in circumstances and surroundings would allow, the spectacle before him was the same as that which he had encountered months before in a small cottage at the other end of the town. On the bed a pallid, senseless, but slowly breathing form, whose features, stamped with the approach of death, stared at them with marble-like rigidity from beneath the heavy bandages which proclaimed the injury to be one to the head. At his side the doctor—the same one who had been called in to attend Mrs. Clemmens—wearing, as he did then, a look of silence anticipation, which Mr. Ferris expected every instant to see culminate in the solemn gesture which he had used at the widow's bedside before she spoke. Even the group of women who clustered about the foot of the couch wore much the same expression as those who waited for movement on the part of Mrs. Clemmens; and had it not been for the sight of Imogene Dare sitting immovable and watchful on the farther side of the bed, he might almost have imagined he was transported back to the old house, and that all this new horror which he was laboring was a dream from which he would speedily be awakened.

But Imogene's face, her look, her air of patient waiting, were not to be mistaken. Attention once really attracted to her, it was not possible for it to wander elsewhere. Even the face of the dying man and the countenance of the watchful physician paled in interest before that fixed look which, never wavering, never altering, studied the marble visage before her, for the first faintsigns of reawakening consciousness. Even his sister, who, if weak of mind, was most certainly of a loving disposition, seemed to feel the force of the tie that bound Imogene to this pillow; and, though she hovered nearer and nearer the bedside from the weariful moments spent by, did not presume to interpose her grief or her assistance between the burning eye of Imogene and the immovable form of her stricken brother.

The hush that lay upon the room was unbroken save by the agitated breaths of all present.

"Is there no hope?" whispered Mr. Ferris to Dr. Tredwell, as, seeing no immediate prospect of change, they sought for seats at the other side of the room.

"No; the wound is strangely like that which Mrs. Clemmens received. He will rouse, probably, but he will not live. Our only comfort is that in this case it is not a murder."

The District Attorney made a gesture in the direction of Imogene.

"How came she to be here?" he asked.

Dr. Tredwell rose and drew him from the room.

"It needs some explanation," he said; and began to relate to him how Mr. Orcutt was escorting Miss Dare to the gate when the bough fell which seemed likely to rob him of his life.

Mr. Ferris, through whose mind those old words of the widow were rilming in a way that could only be accounted for by the memories which the scene within had awakened—"May the vengence of heaven light upon the head of him who has brought me to this pass! May the fate that has come upon me be visited upon him, measure for measure, blow for blow, death for death!"—turned with impressive gravity and asked if Miss Dare had not been hurt.

But Mr. Tredwell shook his head.

"She is not even bruised," said he.

"And yet was on his arm?"

"Possibly, though I very much doubt it."

"She was standing at his side," uttered the quiet voice of Mr. Byrd in their ear; "and disappeared when he did, under the falling branch. She must have been bruised, though she says not. I do not think she is in a condition to feel her injuries."

"You were present, then," observed Mr. Ferris, with a meaning glance at the detective.

"I was present," he returned, with a look the District Attorney did not find it difficult to understand.

"Is there anything you ought to tell me?" Mr. Ferris inquired, when a moment or so later the coroner had been drawn away by a friend.

"I do not know," said Byrd. "Of the conversation that passed between Miss Dare and Mr. Orcutt, but a short portion came to our ears. It is her manner, her actions, that have astonished us, and made us anxious to have you upon the spot." And he told with what an expression of fear she had fled from her interview with Mr. Orcutt in the library, and then gave, as nearly as he could, an account of what had passed between them before the falling of the fatal limb. Finally he said: "Hickory and I expected to find her lying crushed and bleeding beneath, but instead of that, no sooner was the bough lifted than she sprang to her knees, and seeing Mr. Orcutt lying before her insensible, bent over him with that same expression of breathless awe and expectation which you see in her now. It looks as if she were waiting for him to rouse and finish the sentence that was cut short by this catastrophe."

"And what was that sentence?"

"As near as I can recollect, it was this: 'If any man suffers for this crime it shall not be Craik Mansell, but ——' He did not have time to say whom."

"My poor friend!" ejaculated Mr. Ferris, "cut down in the exercise of his duties! It is a mysterious providence—a very mysterious providence!" And crossing again to the sick room, he went sadly in.

He found the aspect unchanged. On the pillow the same white, immovable face; as the bedside the same constant and expectant watchers. Imogene especially seemed scarcely to have made a move in all the time of his absence. Like a marble image watching over a form of clay she sat silent, breathless, intent—a sight to draw all eyes and satisfy none; for her look was not one of grief, nor of awe, nor of hope, yet it had that within it which made her presence there seem a matter of right even to those who did not know the exact character of the bond which united her to the unhappy sufferer.

Mr. Ferris, who had been only too ready to accept Mr. Byrd's explanation of her conduct, allowed himself to gaze at her unhindered.

Overwhelmed, as he was, by the calamity which profaned to rob the bar of one of its most distinguished advocates, and himself of a long-tried friend, he could not but feel the throb of those deep interests which, in the estimation of this woman at least, hung upon a word which those dying lips might utter. And swayed by this feeling, he unconsciously became a third watcher, though for what, and in hope of what, he could scarcely have told, so much was he benumbed by the suddenness of this great catastrophe, and the extraordinary circumstances by which it was surrounded.

And so one o'clock came and passed.

It was not the last time the clock struck before a change came. The hour of two went by, then that of three, and still, to the casual eye, all remained the same. But ere the stroke of four was heard, Mr. Ferris, who had relaxed his survey of Imogene to bestow a fuller attention upon his friend, felt an indefinable sensation of dismay assail him, and rising to his feet, drew a step or so nearer the bed, and looked at its silent occupant with the air of a man who would fain shut his eyes to the meaning of what he sees before him. At the same moment Mr. Byrd, who had just come in, found himself, attracted by the subtle difference he observed in the expression of Miss Dare. The expectancy in her look was gone, and its entire expression was that of awe. Advancing to the side of Mr. Ferris, he glanced down at the dying lawyer. He at once saw what it was that had so attracted and moved the District Attorney. A change had come over Mr. Orcutt's face. Though rigid still, and unrelieved by any signs of returning consciousness, it was no longer that of the man they knew, but a strange face, owning the same features, but distinguished now by a look sinister as it was unaccustomed, filling the breasts of those who saw it with dismay, and making any contemplation of his countenance more than painful to those who loved him. Nor did it decrease as they watched him. Like that charmed writing which appears on a blank paper when it is subjected to heat, the subtle, unmistakable lines came out, moment by moment, on the mask of his unconscious face, till even Imogene trembled, and turned an appealing glance upon Mr. Ferris, as if to bid him note this involuntary evidence of nature against the purity and good intentions of the man who had always stood so high in the world's regard. Then, satisfied, perhaps, with the expression she encountered on the face of the District Attorney, she looked back; and the heavy minutes went on, only more drearily, and perhaps more fearfully than before.

Suddenly—was it at a gesture of the physician, or a look from Imogene?—a thrill of expectation passed through the room, and Dr. Tredwell, Mr. Ferris, and a certain other gentleman who had but just entered at a remote corner of the apartment, came hurriedly forward and stood at the foot of the bed. At the same instant Imogene rose, and motioning them a trifle aside, with an air of mingled entreaty and command, bent slowly down toward the injured man. A look of recognition answered her from the face upon the pillow, but she did not wait to meet it, nor pause for the word that evidently trembled on his momentarily conscious lip. Shutting out with her form the group of anxious watchers behind her, she threw all her soul into the command with which she held him enchained; then slowly, solemnly, but with unyielding determination, uttered these words, which no one there could know were but a repetition of a question made a few eventful hours ago: "If Craik Mansell is not the man who killed Mrs. Clemmens, do you, Mr. Orcutt, tell as who is?" and, pausing, remained with her gaze fixed demandingly on that of the lawyer, undeterred by the smothered exclamations of those who witnessed this scene and missed its clue, or found it only in she' supposition that this last great shock had unsettled her mind.

The panting sufferer just trembling on the verge of life, thrilled all down his once elert and nervous frame, then searching her face for one sign of relenting, unclosed his rigid lips and said, with emphasis:

"Has not Fate spoken?"

Instantly Imogene sprang erect, and, amid the stifled shrieks of women and the muttered exclamations of the men, pointed at the recumbent figure before them, saying:

"You hear! Tremont Orcutt declares upon his deathbed that it is the voice of Heaven which has spoke in this dreadful calamity. You who were present when Mrs. Clemmens breathed her imprecations on the head of her murderer, must know what that means."

Mr. Ferris, who of all present, perhaps, possessed the greatest regard for the lawyer, gave an ejaculation of dismay at this, and bounding forward, lifted her away from the bedside he believed her to have already desecrated.

"Mad woman," he cried, "where will your ravings end? He will tell no such tale to me."

But when he bent above the lawyer with the question forced from him by Miss Dare's words, he found him already lapsed into that strange insensibility which was every moment showing itself more and more to be the precursor of death.

The sight seemed to rob Mr. Ferris of his last grain of self-command. Rising, he confronted the dazed faces of those about him with a severe look.

"This charge," said he, "is akin to that which Miss Dare made against herself in the court yesterday morning. When a woman has become crazed she no longer knows what she says."

But Imogene, strong in her belief that the hand of Heaven had pointed out the culprit for whom they had so long been searching, shook her head in quiet denial, and simply saying, "None of you know this man as I do," moved quietly aside to a dim corner, where she sat down in calm expectation of another awakening on the part of the dying lawyer.

It came soon—came before Mr. Ferris had recovered himself, or Dr. Tredwell had had a chance to give any utterance to the emotions which this scene was calculated to awaken.

Rousing as the widow had done, but seeming to see no one, not even the physician who bent close at his side, Mr. Orcutt lifted his voice again, this time in the old stentorian tones which he used in court, and clearly, firmly exclaimed:

"Blood will have blood!" Then in lower and more familiar accents, cried: "Ah, Imogene, Imogene, it was all for you! And with her name on his lips, the great lawyer closed his eyes again, and sank for the last time into a state of insensibility.

Imogene at once rose.

"I must go," she murmured; "my duty in this place is done." And she attempted to cross the floor.

But the purpose which had sustained her being at an end, she felt the full weight of her misery, and looking in the faces about her, and seeing nothing there but reprobation, she tottered and would have fallen had not a certain portly gentleman who stood by put forth his arm to sustain her. Accepting the support with gratitude, but scarcely pausing to note from what source it came, she turned for an instant to Mr. Ferris.

"I realize," said she, "with what surprise you must have heard the revelation which has just come from Mr. Orcutt's lips. So unexpected is it that you cannot yet believe it, but the time will come when, of all the words I have spoken, these alone will be found worthy your full credit: that not Craik Mansell, not Gouverneur Hildreth, not even unhappy Imogene Dare herself, could tell you so much of the real cause and manner of Mrs. Clemmens' death as this man who lies stricken here a victim of Divine justice."

And merely stopping to cast one final look in the direction of the bed, she stumbled from the room. A few minutes later and she reached the front door; but only to fall against the lintel with the moan:

"My words are true, but who will ever believe them?"

"Pardon me," exclaimed a bland and fatherly voice over her shoulder, "I am a man who can believe in anything. Put your confidence in me, Miss Dare, and we will see—we will see."

Startled by her surprise into new life, she gave one glance at the gentleman who had followed her to the door. It was the same who had offered her his arm, and whom she supposed to have remained behind her in Mr. Orcutt's room. She saw before her a large comfortable-looking personage of middle age, of no great pretensions to elegance or culture, but bearing that within his face which oddly enough baffled her understanding while it encouraged her trust. This was the more peculiar in that he was not looking at her, but stood with his eyes fixed on the fading light of the hall lamp, which he surveyed with an expression of concern that almost amounted to pity.

"Sir, who are you?" she tremblingly asked.

Dropping his eyes from the lamp, he riveted them upon the veil she held tightly in her right hand.

"If you will allow me the liberty of whispering in your ear, I will soon tell you," said he.

She bent her weary head downward; he at once leaned toward her and murmured a half-dozen words that made her instantly start erect with new light in her eyes.

"And you will help me?" she cried.

"What else am I here for?" he answered.

And turning toward a quiet figure which she now saw for the first time standing on the threshold of a small room near by, he said with the calmness of a master:

"Hickory, see that no one enters or leaves the sick room till I return." And offering Imogene his arm, he conducted her into the library, the door of which he shut to behind them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GOBBLED BY THE STANDARD.

The Great Monopoly Absorbs Its Largest Pittsburg Rival.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 4.—The Standard Oil company has purchased the Forest Oil Company for $1,600,000 and a promised to take the remaining $400,000 stock at above par. The Forest Oil Company started ten years ago with a capital of $100,000, and has steadily increased its capital stock in proportion to its enormous oil producing interests until it is to day $2,000,000, owned largely by Oil City and Buffalo parties and the Vandergrifts, of this city. It is the largest producing company in the world, with 50,000 acres of producing territory, and its receipts in the past ten years were $4,650,000. It also owned a controlling interests in the Washington Oil Company and the United Gas Trust. Not satisfied with gobbling this enormous concern the Standard is negotiating for the purchase of the Anchor Oil Company, the second largest and richest producing company in existence. Should the purchase of this company be also consummated there will be no rival oil producing company in the field worthy of the Standard's powder.

Notable Weddings

LONDON, June 3.—Count Alexander Munster, who was for many years German Ambassador to England, was married to-day to Lady Muriel Hay, daughter of the Earl of Kinnoull. The service was full choral. There were six bridesmaids. The bride was given away by her father. She wore a magnificent dress of rich satin duchesse with full court train, elaborately draped with antique brussels lace. The dress, collar, and bodice were trimmed with the same lace. The long tulle veil was fastened with diamond stars. The bridegroom wore the uniform of the Gardes du Corps of the German Empire. There was a large aristocratic attendance.

Another pretty wedding celebrated to-day was that of Mr. Ballard Smith, of New York, to Miss Catharine Butterfield, also of New York, at the Savoy chapel. The bride was given away by Mr. Robert Lincoln, United States Minister to the Court of St. James, and Major Post, United States Military attache in London, was the best man. There was a large attendance of Americans, Mr. Creighton Webb, one of the Vanderbilt family, presided at the organ duringthe ceremony.

The marriage between Lionel Sackville West and Miss Victoria Sackville West, will take place at Knole, Sevenoaks, Kent, the residence of the bride's father, on June 17.

The Big English Flour Syndicate.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 6.—The English syndicate controlling the Pillsbury and W. D. Washburn mills have leased the Washburn A. B. and C. mills, thus adding to their present capacity of 14,500 barrels per day over eight thousand five hundred, making over twenty-two thousand barrels a total. The total capacity of the English syndicate in the world as this last named doing business as flour producers. Mr. Pillsbury says that this new deal adds $6,000,000 to Minneapolis capital.

THE Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both my wife and child owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

Last night some person stole seventeen silk handkerchiefs from the show window of Mr. Charles E. Robertson's store, on Queen street. There were eighteen handkerchiefs in the window at the time, and the thief considerately left one. The handkerchiefs were taken out through a small knothole in the sash of the window, probably by means of a piece of wire with a hook on one end.—Charlottetown Examiner.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1.

As two ladies were passing an electric light pole at the foot of Morris street yesterday afternoon, a man who was painting it let drop his paint pot and it fell on the sunshade carried by one of the ladies. The paint spilled over the ladies' skirts and they had to procure macintoshes to hide it.—Halifax Echo.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Cankerous mouth.

The steamer Miranda arrived at Halifax from Newfoundland last night, after being blockeded by ice in Twillingagate bay for two or three days. The captain reports that the whole coast from Green bay to Trinity bay, a distance of 130 miles, is solidly packed with bergs and drift ice to a depth of fifteen miles out to sea.

Are you made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, dizziness, loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.

Very few persons have any idea of the vast quantity of milk brought to the city daily by rail. Since the first of the year No. 14 train, Conductor Donkin, has brought from Shubenacadie alone 205 tons.—Acadian Recorder.

Practical Pointers.

As a simple, natural laxative, stomachic, blood, brain and nerve tonic, when taken as directed, the value of Burdock Blood Bitters cannot be overestimated, while as a cure for constipation, indigestion, liver diseases, impure blood, sleeplessness, nervous and sick headache, it is the best that money can buy.

Yellow Oil has done good work for 30 years in curing muscular rheumatism, lumbago, croup, quinsy, colds, sprains, bruises, burns and all pains and aches. It is equally good for man or beast.

What it Will Do.

1 to 2 bottles of B B B will cure Headache.
1 to 2 bottles of B B B will cure Biliousness.
1 to 4 bottles of B B B will cure Constipation.
1 to 4 bottles of B B B will cure Dyspepsia.
1 to 6 bottles of B B B will cure Bad Blood.
1 to 6 bottles of B B B will cure Scrofula.
In any case relief will be had from the first few doses.

Moses Had Asthma.

My husband had asthma for eight years with severe cough, and his lungs also were affected. He could neither rest, work, nor get relief from any medicine he tried. Some time ago we got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and after taking six or eight bottles his cough is entirely cured, the asthma greately relieved, and his lungs greatly benefitted.

MRS. MOSES COUCH, Apsley, Ont.

Biliousness and Acid Stomach.

Having used your Burdock Blood Bitters successfully for some time past for my complaint, biliousness and acid stomach, I have never found its equal. THOS. W. SUTTON, St. Thomas, Ont.

For Colds or Pain.

Yellow Oil is the best remedy I ever used. I had a healing breast 12 months ago, which was very sore. I got no relief until I tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which gave instant relief.

MRS. JNO. CORBETT, St. Marys, Ont.

For croup, quinsy or colds use Yellow Oil.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.

LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.

Office, King Square—Works, Black Spring Road, North End, St. John, N. B.

PIANOS $250 to $600. Mendelssohn and Evans Bros. Lead All Others. ABSOLUTELY PERFECT GUARANTEED 7 YEARS. A. T. BUSTIN, 38 Dock Street.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market. Cumberland N. S. Beef, Mutton, Veal, Fresh Pork, Ham, Turkeys, Bacon, Chickens, Lard, and Green Stuff. Manufacturers of DEAN'S SAUSAGES. (Established 1867.) Season from Sept. to May.

CAUSEY & MAXWELL, Masons and Builders. Mason Work in all its Branches. Slating and Cement Work a specialty. Stone, Brick and Plaster Workers. JOBBING EXECUTED NEATLY AND PROMPTLY. Order Slate at A. G. Bowes & Co., 21 Canterbury Street. W. CAUSEY, Mecklenburg st. ROBT. MAXWELL, 385 Union st.

WILKINS & SANDS, House and Ornamental PAINTERS. Painting done in all its Branches. ORDERS SOLICITED. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. PAINT SHOP, 266 UNION ST., (Head of Brussels St), St. John, N. B. TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

WHAT IS GOING ON THIS NIGHT? MISS EYE SEE AYE MORE. One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our holders are recognized, and to introduce our superior goods we will send free as above one of these Telescopes to any person who will make a club of the above. All you have to do is return it to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The illustration of this excellent Telescope shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it enlarged. FREE

about the fifteenth part of its bulk. It is so good, double adjusting scope, as large as a lady's fan, and will last a lifetime. We also show you how you can make from $20 to $150 a day at home, even if you have no capital or experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges and send free. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 980, PORTLAND, MAINE.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY! Tenders for Steel Rails. SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside, "Tender for Steel Rails," will be received until SATURDAY, the 28th June, 1890, for the supply of enough to chase the whole or any part of a lot of one hundred tons of used but serviceable steel rails, weighing 56 pounds to the yard; and also the necessary fishplates. The rails and fishplates will be delivered free of freight charges on cars at any station of the Intercolonial Railway. Tender to state the place and time that delivery will be required and the price per ton of 2240 pounds. Payment is to be made in cash on delivery. The department will not be bound to accept the highest or any tender. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. Railway Offices, Moncton, N. B., May 31st, 1890.

NOTICE. WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. Traders, Manufacturers and owners of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines generally are specially requested to take notice of the following instructions and act accordingly: 1. The Weights and Measures Act provides for a regular biennial inspection of all Weights and Measures used for trade purposes, as well as for irregular inspections of the same, which may be made at any time when deemed necessary by the inspector, and it also imposes a heavy penalty on any trader or other person who wilfully obstructs or impedes the inspector or assistant inspector in the performance of his duty under said Act, or who refuses to produce the whole of his weights and measures for inspection when called upon to do so by an inspecting officer. 2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of weights, measures, and weighing machines when paying moneys to Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O. C" with the words "Original for the Trader" printed at the head thereof) properly filled out and stamped, and also at the same time to carefully ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to such certificate represent exactly the value the amount of cash paid. Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value whatever unless stamps covering the full amount of fees charged are attached. 3. Owners and holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to secure their safe keeping it would be advisable to placard them in their places of business in the manner in which ordinary license certificates are done, for it must be distinctly understood that all traders who are unable to produce their properly stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an inspector or assistant inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again their verification fees. E. MIALL, Commissioner.

Canadian Express Co. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and packages of every description; collect notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily (Sunday excepted) over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Chatham Branch Railway; Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamess. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the Continent. Shipping Agents in Liver